

The
Alcester Grammar



School Record.

1923-24.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 17.

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LESTER, PARTRIDGE, HODGKINSON.

Editorial.

Although circumstances have combined to limit the preparation of this term's Magazine to a shorter period than usual, there has been no shortage of contributions. Indeed, our main task has been that of deciding what to include in the strictly limited space at our disposal and what to omit.

This is a very satisfactory state of affairs, and one that pleases us far more than having to beg for articles. Our thanks are due to all contributors for their support. We would urge those whose articles do not appear in this number to send in a further contribution next term. Perseverance will wear down even the most stubborn Magazine Committee!

The School Register.

Valete.

*Staff, N. (VI), 1918-23.

Baylis, J. (IIIB), 1921-23.

*Baylis, G. P. (VI), 1915-23.

Baylis, R. C. (IIIB), 1922-23.

Fancote, L. (IVA), 1921-23.

Horton, G. D. (IA), 1921-23.

Baylis, J. K. S. (IVA), 1920-23.

Blakeman, J. M. (IA), 1922-23.

*Prefect.

Salve.

Corbett, C. G. (IA).

Old Scholars' News.

The Annual Winter Meeting was held at the Schools on Saturday, December 15th, 1923. There was a large attendance, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

Old scholars may be interested to know that they can now bring their wives or husbands to the Re-union Meetings.

The result of the Dance Committee's Shilling Fund is not yet to hand, but we expect the total to be about 50s. There is still time to send your contribution.

We are pleased to say Victor Stock has now recovered from the effects of the accident recorded in last issue.

Old scholars were very sorry to hear of Mr. Druller's motor-cycle accident. We are glad to be able to say he is now quite recovered.

Best of luck to Geoffrey Haines, who sailed for Australia in March.

We are afraid the old scholars have forgotten how hockey is played. Result of last term's match:—School, 5; Old Girls, 0.

The membership of the Guild is now about 120. We should like to see a greater number of old scholars take an interest in our meetings.

H. E. WHITEHOUSE,
Hon. Secretary

Sir Roger at A.G.S.

I recently had the opportunity of visiting the Alcester Grammar School, and my friend, Sir Roger, expressing a desire to accompany me, I accordingly escorted him thither. We arrived early in the afternoon, and encountered at the entrance a stream of young folk who were rushing headlong towards several brown, wooden structures near at hand. A few small boys stared at us curiously, and, to my friend's amusement, one of them whispered uneasily, "Inspector!" His fears, however, were somewhat diminished when a comrade boldly vowed that he knew for certain "one was the piano-tuner." In a few moments more all was silent, and we commenced our investigations.

After admiring the orderly and pleasant classrooms, we proceeded to the hall, which serves also as a gymnasium. A drill class was in process, and my friend was impressed not less with the honours boards than with the agility of

the youngsters. I doubt not that he would have liked to remain there for the rest of the afternoon, but our presence being somewhat diverting to the scholars we presently withdrew.

The notice-board outside next occupied our attentions, and Sir Roger, observing a billet, headed "Debating Society," eagerly put on his spectacles to peruse it. However, our united efforts failed to decipher the hand-writing, to the great disappointment of the knight, who, as he informed me proudly, had been a formidable controvertist in his youth. From the admiration of a fine poster, announcing that a meeting of the Musical Society was about to take place, our attention was diverted by the appearance of two plump girls, who hastened past us and sped up the staircase. Sir Roger, impressed by their well-nourished appearance, desired to visit the form of which these were such fine specimens. Accordingly, we were conducted to VA, where a strange sight awaited us. Four large paper baskets, placed upside down, were covered with lumps of turf and decorated with flowers. Chairs, placed at intervals, a pot of snowdrops in the centre, and an inscription in bright green, "The Forest of Arden," completed the arrangements. I marvelled that such an intelligent-looking form could stoop to such frivolities, and feel I cannot do better than quote one of Mr. Dryden's fine lines:

" Great wits are sure to madness near allied."

Before entering the sixth form room we were informed that the members were a select few, zealously devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. Four studious girls were bending over their books so intent that they scarce observed our entrance. One of them, who was affectionately embracing the radiator, was accosted by my old friend, who earnestly informed her that such proximity was by no means beneficial to her health. While I was deprecating the disfiguring scrawl on the blackboard, which, I concluded, was the work of the football secretary, Sir Roger was indulging his curiosity in investigating the open cupboard. Several ponderous volumes of advanced science occupied the top shelf. Over these the old man shook his head, but handled with interest a modern novel on the shelf beneath belonging to a devoted enthusiast of Rider Haggard.

From the physics laboratory, which was occupied solely by two idle youths, we were driven by an overpowering odour of brilliantine, and took refuge in the savoury atmosphere of the dining room, where a cookery class was in

process. Sir Roger displayed a genuine interest in the proceedings, and enquired if the pupils knew the recipe for kidney pie. Such a genial impression did the knight make on the class that he was offered some of the pastries they had been making. These, however, he declined graciously, remarking to me in a whisper that, though they looked quite wholesome, he feared they might not agree with his digestion.

M. S.

A School Alphabet.

A stands for Algebra, which inspires fear,
 B for the books, which are sometimes too near ;
 C is for Chemistry, never known well,
 D is for Dinnertime, told by the bell ;
 E for the Effort put into our work,
 F for the Football, which most boys don't shirk ;
 G for Geometry—dry, bald, and drear,
 H is for Hockey, the game of the year ;
 I for the ink, which will make fingers black,
 J for the Juniors, of whom there's no lack ;
 K for the Kicks often aimed at the ball,
 L stands for Latin, most hateful of all ;
 M for the Marks which no longer exist,
 N is for Nonsense—the brain in a mist ;
 O for the Oranges eaten at break,
 P is for Physics, which makes us all quake ;
 Q is a Quagmire—the field when it's wet,
 R is the Races by Mr. Hall set ;
 S stands for Sports, an annual event,
 T is the Tops (are they given up in Lent?) ;
 U for the Unity present in games,
 V stands for Vanity—don't mention names !
 W is Work, and that's enough said,
 X strikes the heart of the author with dread,
 He can think of no more, so Y trouble his Z ?

B. T.

Drawing.

Drawing is exceedingly dull, so some tell us, and I am inclined to agree, when we have to draw the detestable models which are sometimes our task. A waste-paper basket turned on its side and covered with a dingy green cloth—the green cloth nearly always figures in these models—does not offer a very appetising feast for the eye.

The most detestable part of this model drawing is getting the direction of the lines. To do this you "shut one eye and hold out the pencil horizontally." This operation is, to say the least of it, boring. But yet it has its compensations. There are certain unfortunate beings who cannot accomplish the feat of closing only one eye, and the series of squintings and facial contortions through which they go in their attempts to achieve the impossible give opportunity for much mirth.

Occasionally, "snap-shot" drawing relieves the tedium of model drawing. A boy or girl is posed, generally in a "wobbly" position, on a table top for the space of about two minutes. During this time we measure the proportion of the head into the rest of the body, and pay special attention to details of dress, etc. Woe betide the wretched individual who draws the head so large that it measures into the body three times instead of five.

To draw the head and shoulders of a person is perhaps the most interesting part of drawing, though, in addition to accuracy, unlimited tact is required. I have offended not a few in my attempts to gain a likeness, and even the promise of chocolate to eat while sitting will not always tempt them. One person whom I had persuaded to sit for me was highly offended because I had, she said, given her a red nose on purpose. Another was positively horrified when she saw me daubing brown and grey paint on one side of her portrait. In spite of my patient explanation that this was only shadow, she persisted in saying that I had given her a dirty neck. It is very hard to find a model who does not show resentment if you fail to get the correct waves in her hair, or succeed in bestowing upon her a sallow complexion in place of her own natural pink and white one!

In particular, people seem to be most touchy about their noses. While endeavouring to make the drawing as nearly like the person as possible, one has to be careful not to exaggerate that particular feature, which is such a sensitive point in the sitter. But, personally, I think that this kind of drawing is a splendid way of returning an insult; and if your caricature happens to be hung in the art-room, O joy! your revenge is complete!

D. B.

Notes and News

Bunting has succeeded Baylis I., who left at the end of last term, as head boy of the School.

M. Sherwood has been awarded an Intermediate Scholarship by the Warwickshire County Council, as the result of her success in the School Examination (Oxford Locals) last July.

All extend a hearty welcome to Miss Furness, who joined the staff at the beginning of the term.

On Tuesday, February 19th, a very interesting lecture on Finland was given in the Hall by Miss Harding. A short impression of this is given on another page of this Magazine.

Mr. Wightman, our visiting instructor in handicraft, left us at Christmas. His place has been taken by Mr. K. Rees.

A "breaking-up" entertainment was held on the afternoon of Monday, December 17th. Items were provided by forms in the Upper, Middle, and Lower School.

Miss Knight visits us this term as Sewing Mistress.

We received another visit from Mr. John Snowden, A.R.C.M., on Tuesday, March 4th, and were entertained with a most enjoyable selection of items on his cello.

It has been asked whether the challenge from the Studley College cricket team was really meant for our girls; it is suggested that the boys' eleven accept the challenge.

Colds and influenza have been very prevalent during the term, and attendances have suffered accordingly.

A word of warning will not be out of place to boys and girls who cycle to and from school. There is a large amount of traffic past the school, and great care should be exercised by all cyclists not to straggle across the road, or to take unnecessary risks on entering and leaving the premises.

We wish to record our sincere thanks to the "Alcester Chronicle" for the gift of the excellent block from which the front cover of the "RECORD" is now printed.

Monday, March 3rd, was half-term holiday.

The Speech Day gathering on Thursday, December 18th, took place in the Picture House. The Certificates were presented by Professor Black (of Sheffield University), who afterwards gave an interesting address on the subject of "Tradition."

"*Skyhigh and Cloudbeard.*"

On Tuesday, February 19th, there was a lecture on Finland, and most of the School went to it. Miss Harding described Finland to us as a beautiful country, where one was always seeing a lovely change of Nature. Then we listened to a few airs of some of the folk songs, and she told us two stories called "*Star Eyes*" and "*Skyhigh and Cloudbeard.*" The latter of these I will tell you about.

Long ago, in the Far North, lived two children named Sylvia and Sylvester. Near their father's house grew two very old trees; they were so tall that you would think they touched the sky. When the two children went one day to see what was in their snares they each found something; Sylvia had a ptarmigan and Sylvester a white hare. Now when the creatures saw the children coming they cried, "Let us out! Let us out! And you will never regret it." Wondering very much, the two children let the creatures out, and they ran away as quickly as they could.

For a few minutes the two stood looking at each other. Then Sylvia broke the silence. "Well," she said, "that is a queer thing." Sylvester nodded: he could not speak for amazement. After a while he turned to Sylvia and said, "I wonder what they meant when they said we should never regret it?" Sylvia thought for a time, and said, "I expect we shall know soon." And they did not have to wait long.

It happened that one day while the children were playing, there came a sudden gust of wind that stirred the leaves on the trees. Suddenly the children stopped playing and listened; they could hear voices, and the sounds seemed to be coming from above. Still the voices went on talking, and at last the truth came to the two. They saw that the very trees were holding a conversation. This is what they said: "We are the oldest trees in the country, and our names are Skyhigh and Cloudbeard. We have seen many things, and can see very far. But now we are to give you each what

you most desire." "I should like Spring," cried Sylvester. "And I should like sunshine," cried Sylvia. "Very well; you shall each have it." "Good-bye! Good-bye!" cried the children, and away they ran.

After they had gone to bed their parents talked it all over. "It is strange," they said; "wherever our children go they seem to bring Spring with them."

The day after the events related the king and queen of the land were coming to the village. Now, it happened that the king was not pleased with the country because it was cold. But when he got to the village he found that it was just like Spring, and he noticed that, wherever the children moved, the leaves and flowers would suddenly begin to grow. So he determined to spend his life in the village near to the children.

A. H. (FORM II.).

The Diary of My Diary.

At the beginning of this year, as did thousands of other well-meaning but misguided people, I made some good resolutions, and, like the above people, I kept them—for a time.

Now, one of these "gilt-edged" resolutions was to keep a diary, and "I would to heaven it were not so," as I wasted time, money, and temper in the process. In my ignorance I thought how grand it would be, later in life, to be able to look back on the deeds and misdeeds of my illustrious youth. The first thing I did, therefore, on January 1st was to buy a diary. A real beauty it was, too, with a fine red cover, and packed with information on every subject except those I wanted. Still, it was a beauty.

That night I began my yearly record. "Would I go to the pictures?" asked my brother. "Certainly not. How can I neglect my diary!" I could think of nothing else that evening.

The space provided for January 1st was filled to overflowing; likewise, January 2nd. On the third day, however, ideas became scarce, and I was forced to increase the size of my writing. Even this expedient failed me on the fourth day, and I was forced to fill in with weather forecasts and racing results. On the fifth day I had nothing to write; likewise, the sixth and seventh.

That diary was no longer an ideal; it was a torture. After seven days its fate was sealed, as it went the same way as my other resolutions. It did, however, do one useful thing, and that was helping to light a bonfire. I was glad to see the back of it, and it solved a problem for me. I had wondered why waste paper was so cheap, and I now saw that all the old, or rather, new diaries found their way to the waste-paper merchants and did well-meaning people out of their trade of paper collecting.

Woe betide the man who writes a diary.

A. P.

The Waiting Room.

I was making my way home from a distant part of the country, and my journey had been long and tedious. The country through which I was travelling was flat and uninteresting. The only attractive diversion was the study of various individuals who came in and out of the carriage which I occupied. In this way I had passed most of my time, but by the last stage of my journey even this occupation had lost its charm. I was now obliged to wait some time at a small junction.

The only available shelter was a cold and dismal-looking waiting room. To this place, as the rain was pouring down, I made my way, and I was for some time the sole inhabitant. At last I heard a strident voice outside—a woman was arguing with a porter about certain parcels belonging to her. Soon afterwards the owner of the voice appeared, carrying under her arm a large bag, which was bulging with her various purchases. She carefully deposited her numerous possessions on a chair and sat down by it to keep watch over her treasures. It was a little while before she noticed me, and then, seeing that I was not reading or otherwise employing my time, she came and sat beside me, bringing with her the various parcels. Scarcely had she settled herself when she began to confide to me a long list of grievances. All her neighbours seemed to have some grudge against her. She was, I think, being unjustly turned out of her house, in which her family had lived for many years. So long and elaborate was her tale that I soon ceased my attempts to listen. I became entirely oblivious of her presence, so interested was I in the people who had assembled in the waiting room.

In one corner sat a farmer behind his evening paper. Opposite me were two mothers comparing the various merits of their respective infants, who, in the meantime, were playing with small pieces of orange peel found under the seat. They were greatly delighted with their new playthings. The train was almost due, and more people began to arrive. First came a girl, with her satchel full of books; then a boy with a dog; then two small children, clutching their tickets tightly in their hands. Then came a woman with a mysterious package, out of which protruded a kettle spout and the neck of a bottle. I was just observing two well-dressed women who came in, when I received a violent nudge from the woman with her list of grievances. In an angry whisper she said, "That's them; I won't stay in here with them; they'll sneer at me." By "them" I presume she meant the innocent individuals who were to take possession of her cottage. Anyhow, she flounced out, to my great amusement and relief. Meanwhile, one of the infants had been deprived of its orange peel, and was shedding angry tears. The other was crowing with delight over a banana skin.

Just then the train came in. A few moments later I was seated in a carriage and the train had started. Chancing to look up I saw opposite me no other than my companion with the grievances. As yet she had not recognised me, for the waiting room had been but dimly lighted. However, as she was the only other person in the carriage I thought it advisable to take precautions. A newspaper lay on the seat. I picked it up, and behind its protecting leaves I remained until my talkative companion got out.

B. W.

Olla Prodrida.

"To prepare hydrogen," says E. F., "put some sink in a Wolfe's bottle.

In the tropical forests of Australia, W. M. S. tells us, are to be found bears, wolves, and reindeer.

F. B. also has something to add to our knowledge of Australia. "There are," he remarks, "many wild animals in Australia that you see at the Zoo, like monkeys, tigers, lions, etc. The vegetation is yet in its infancy."

Several members of IIIA are experimenting with a new piece of apparatus, which they call a "yew-tube."

From the same quarter comes the latest statement of the differences between solids, liquids, and gases. T. L. C. informs us that—

“ A solid contains weight; therefore it is soluble.

A liquid contains weight; therefore it is soluble.

A gas does not contain weight; therefore it is insoluble.”

Now we know!

“ News ” to H. H. is “ novae res.” This entirely revolutionises our ideas!

The Lady Doctor’s Welcome !

“ My heart is like a singing bird whose nest is in a water-shoot;

My heart is like an apple tree whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit.”

These were my thoughts as, blissfully unconscious of the impending disaster. I walked to school one lovely Tuesday morning. “ Don’t you feel glad that you are alive? ” I asked my sister. “ Oh! yes, ” she answered—“ if only I could translate Cæsar! ” However, as no such thoughts worried me, I remained quite glad to be alive—until we reached school.

“ Hulloa, ” I shouted to a member of VA, “ isn’t it a glorious day? ” “ Yes, delightful, ” she answered. “ Let us go and find the others. ” So away we went, and burst into the classroom singing with joy. Our happy songs were cut short, however, by growls of “ Oh! stop that rattle, do! I can’t see anything funny in it! ” “ What! Is Latin prose worrying you? Or is it Cicero? Cheer up! ” I said. “ I will whisper as loud as a dare. ” “ Latin prose or Cicero worrying us! ” was the scornful reply. “ No, I should think not! ” “ Well, tell us what is wrong. Come and have a stroll round the field; perhaps that will cure you. ” “ Hmm! If you think that fresh air and ‘ a stroll round the field ’ (mimicking me in a very sarcastic manner) will blot out the fact that the Lady Doctor is coming on Thursday you are very much mistaken! ” And with this crushing speech the injured girl stalked out the classroom, slamming the door with a fierce bang. And, for the benefit of those who have yet to undergo the ordeal of a “ medical examination, ” I should advise you not to try fresh air as a cure, for I tell you frankly—it is no good at all!

On Wednesday a long list of the victims was put up on the notice-board, and to my great disgust I found I was being examined at 12.30. Just think what this means. First and foremost it means that my mid-day meal is spoilt. For what ordinary mortal could look forward to a good dinner if before she gets it she has to be "medically examined!!! " Why the very thought of it takes one's appetite away! It also means that for three and a half hours I have to sit in acute mental pain thinking, thinking, thinking of that awful Lady Doctor! Of course, I cannot keep my thoughts fixed on my work, and am severely reprimanded for my "sleepiness"—which is most unfair, because I am very much awake, and sleep is quite out of the question with a "medical examination" on the very next day.

Thursday dawned bright and warm (an even more lovely day than Tuesday), and yet I no longer wished to sing—in fact, nothing was so far from my thoughts. Ten minutes before school a group of girls with sullen looks and angry voices could have been seen pacing round the school field. Oh! how we railed against medical examinations! What things we said about the Lady Doctor! Indeed, the only enjoyable ten minutes on that fatal morning was spent in imagining how we would torture the man who first thought that medical examinations were necessary! How he would have suffered!

I will not tell you of the agony we endured before "break"; it would be too upsetting! It was in Latin that we were called away one by one to the "torture chamber," and even Cicero's "inveterate vanity" could not move us to anything like our former scorn. There was a knock at the door, and someone said, "May H. K. H. go to the Lady Doctor, please?" She went, and it was my turn next. Five minutes passed away, and steps were heard coming up the stairs. It was H. K. H. returning! My time had come!

A VICTIM.

A Day-Dream.

"Two days later King Roderick was condemned to death. He prepared for his fate with courage and kingly dignity, and was led to the scaffold erected outside his own palace."

The snow is thickly falling; soft, feathery flakes are enveloping the city in a white mantle, and the sky is dark and gloomy. A crowd of courtiers and citizens has quickly accumulated outside the palace gate. Women in old shawls, ladies and gentlemen of the court, grinning street urchins and tottering old men await the arrival of their king.

Some have come to mourn for him; others have come with glad hearts to see the last of the despised Roderick.

They all expect to see him arrive struggling in bondage, but as he comes into sight they are amazed. His head is held aloft, and he walks with a firm, brisk step. The crowd sways and the murmurs cease; even his scoffers doff their hats as he passes, casting his looks neither to the right nor to the left. He pauses within the gate, and looks around him as though searching for someone in the mob. Then, at his earnest entreaty, the wondering guards loose their hold upon him, and follow warily close behind him as he strides to an open casement, and there bids his weeping children a tender farewell. Anxiously he scans the crowd again, and, with a sinister expression upon his visage, returns to the scaffold with his impatient guards. He takes off his hat and bows his head as though in prayer. Perhaps his heart is too full to say one word of sorrow or reproach to the lookers-on. And now he is seized, and, unflinching even now, he prepares to lay his head upon the block. Then, at the eleventh hour, a piercing shout is heard. All turn in the direction from which it came, and a sudden confusion bursts out in the mob. . . .

Ding-a-ling-a-ling! goes the bell, and I awaken from my reverie with a vision of the noisy rabble before my eyes, and wondering what would have been the end of the interrupted scene.

G. C.

A Character Study.

In a slum district of one of our great industrial centres is situated one of those popular institutes common to such localities. Hither, on a certain Saturday afternoon, many women (and even a few of the superior sex!) may be seen wending their way. Along all the streets leading to this hall they come—women of all types and classes, jostled by the usual inhabitants of this particular realm, street vendors, and the supporters of street corners. Some, 'tis true, look decidedly out of place as they take their progress with slow, majestic tread along these noisy and even noisome thoroughfares, so different from the avenues and crescents of the fashionable residential quarter to which they so obviously are accustomed. Others pass briskly along with a very purposeful air, as though the well-being of the whole human race depends upon them individually and on what they are doing here and now. Some few, quite apparently, are drawn hither by mere idle curiosity; but perhaps before the end of the afternoon they may be like certain people we were acquainted with in our early childhood—those “fools

who came to scoff " and " remained to pray." But by far the vaster number are of those who, not insensible to the spirit of a common sisterhood of women, are genuinely interested in such a thing as a mass meeting for women.

Inside the hall, by the time the meeting is due to begin, every available seat is occupied—the body of the hall is full and the great gallery which surrounds it on three sides. Congregated here are all those we saw on the way, besides a minority of men. Some of these, apparently, are whole-heartedly interested in the proceedings, and enthusiastically in sympathy with the whole spirit of the thing. Others, though only a very small number, may evidently be classified as those who, in search of some new thing, thought it rather a change to drop in from the neighbouring street corner just to see what was happening.

Gradually the platform itself fills up—this, in itself, a very heterogeneous collection of womenkind. Some are leading citizens; others are not unconnected with certain well-known intellectual centres. Some, alas! appear to belong to the very blatant section which do so much to draw down contempt and ridicule on all great causes—even on the Labour Party!

At long last the meeting begins! It opens with the necessary preliminaries, wherein everyone tries to pat everyone else on the back, and so ad infinitum. During this time the thoughts of some, at any rate, are concentrated on such vital questions as " Is it that one there—the tall, dark one? " or " Can that be the one wearing that —? " , or " It must be the one —. " Most certainly the identification of the chief speaker is of far greater interest than the opening speeches of the local organisation. SHE, of course, is none other than that quiet, womanly-looking woman there on the chairman's right (or should I say chairlady's?). Just as our next-door neighbour has roused us with a sharp dig from the quiet contemplation of approaching slumber, SHE, to our infinite satisfaction, is called upon to speak. Until now the impression she has given has been somewhat akin to that of a dormouse. We may even have wondered how such a person could have aroused such excitement. Now the doors of our understanding are unlocked, and the way to our sympathy lies open.

Of medium height and build, clad in a nigger-brown costume with a small, close-fitting hat to match, she seems more kindly than imposing in appearance. Yet from the moment she begins to speak all attention is rivetted on her. She is the possessor of a clear, resonant, yet distinctly

pleasing voice. Hanging from her neck by a slender chain is a lorgnette—somehow a lorgnette was quite unexpected! —and with this she emphasises her points. She has a very distinctive personality—a pleasing mixture of idealism and sound, practical common-sense. The impression she gives is of one who would recognise the value of dreams and visions, but who would not be satisfied with these alone. Her ideals are undoubtedly of the noblest kind, but they are no idle phantasms; they have some basis of practicality. Nor is she one who would ignore intellectual values, but rather she would use them to assist her. No wonder, with these practical suggestions for the materialisation of her ideals, with this sympathetic and yet optimistic outlook on life—all aided by her fluency of language and clear enunciation, no wonder she is a really forcible speaker. The ease, too, with which she answers all the questions put to her by her audience, shows her wide knowledge; and the brevity and clearness of her answers depict a well-ordered and logical brain.

We may, ere this, have grown accustomed to the idea of women members of Parliament, but it is surely an epoch-making event to find a woman occupying a still higher position than that of an ordinary member. None the less, it is, without doubt, an exceedingly good thing to have a woman taking a leading part in the political life of the country—especially when that woman is such a one as Miss Margaret Bondfield.

E. F. G.

The Story of the Maoris.

The Maoris are the almost unknown native population of New Zealand. Since that country was colonised by the British in 1840 the Maoris have gradually accepted the dominant civilisation, and are recognised as full citizens of the State. They are a peculiar race, with very primitive modes of living. For instance: they cook their food over the natural hot springs, where also they do their washing. They have very weird and extraordinary manners and customs. It is said that their queer form of salutation is rubbing noses! Their multi-coloured clothing and the tattooed marks on the bodies make them seem doubly uncanny to the more civilised nations. The Maoris have a language of their own, but it is not written; and the old chiefs of the tribes may tell many interesting legends of the deeds of their ancestors. One story, relating the supposed origin of the Maoris, was told by one of the old chiefs to a lady in New Zealand.

In an old country, called Hawa-iki, the ancestors of the Maoris lived. It was a beautiful country, with white-topped mountains and green forests, and its inhabitants lived happily in a fair land. As years went by wars and famine drove them from their native land, and they set out across the sea to find new homes.

Since then the old Motherland has disappeared, or is inhabited by other peoples. It may have been India or some unknown country in the Pacific Ocean, which has sunk beneath the sea and been forgotten by all except her sons, now settled in other parts of the world.

Some of the emigrants from Hawa-iki left the boats and settled on islands in the Pacific to live where the cocoanuts and bread-fruit grow. One traveller returned with the news of the sight of white-topped mountains in the distance just like those in Hawa-iki. "Let us go and settle in this new land," some said; "these islands are already over-full."

So large canoes, built to hold about fifty each, and the prows decorated with elaborate carving, were filled with provisions for a long voyage, and the emigrants set out full of hope and courage. Ngatoro, the magician, went with them. The voyage lasted several weeks, and the people began to quarrel in the boats. Ngatoro, determined to end their quarrels, raised a violent storm. The boats were tossed about and nearly wrecked, and the people cried out to Ngatoro to save them. So when they had promised to be peaceful, the magician calmed the storm, and the voyage continued without any further interruption.

Presently, a long white cloud was seen between the sea and the horizon. As the voyagers drew nearer it grew larger, and at last they saw what it was. The new land! The white-topped peaks of their new home-land! It was named by the voyagers AO-Tea-Roa—the Land-of-the-Long-White-Cloud.

As the canoes approached the shore, green forests came into view, mountain torrents were dashing down to the sea glittering in the sunlight, crimson rata flowers grew on the hill slopes, and the new land was found to be rich in food and water. The people came and settled in it, built houses, speared fish, planted the sweet potatoes which they had brought, and hunted the moa. The voyagers stayed and lived in their new home for many years, and their descendants still love to tell the story of the emigrants from Hawa-iki to the Land-of-the-Long-White-Cloud. The Maoris cling to their own name of the country, Ao-Tea-Roa, as they think it a much better one than New Zealand.

L. S.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the RECORD.

DEAR SIR,—Would the writer of "Wireless Communication" please state who the English scientist was who started wireless? I understood that the name and nationality of that scientist were unknown.

Yours, etc.,

"WIRELESS ENTHUSIAST."

[H. T. L. agrees with our correspondent that no one scientist "started wireless." But the article in question states that "It was an English scientist who first suggested the existence of what we now call wireless waves." This man was James Clarke Maxwell.—Ed.]

The Library.

Several new books have been added to the Library this term. "Ancient and Medieval Art," "Everyday Life in the Holy Land," "Aristotle on the Art of Poetry," "English Literature, Medieval," Pope's "Essay on Criticism," Lowell's "My Study Windows," "William Shakespeare," by George Brandes, Dixon's "English Poetry," "The Ballad in English Literature," Dicey's "Law of the Constitution" and "Law and Opinion in England," "A School History of Warwickshire," by B. C. A. Windle, and Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell" and "A School Economic Atlas" have been added to the Reference Library; while "The History of the British Navy" and Kipling's "Tales of Land and Sea for Scouts and Guides" have been added to the School Library.

It has been noticed that Library books are not treated with sufficient care, and the librarians wish it to be known that all books found left about on the school premises by borrowers will be confiscated.

J. W. W.

The Musical Society.

The meetings held by the Musical Society during the spring term were more than interesting, and were ardently supported both by school members and by our friends outside the school. The first meeting of this term was held on January 29th. On this occasion the Brownies provided a varied and enjoyable programme; they are much to be commended on their very successful efforts. This was the last of the "sides" concerts, which were a fresh experiment. These have been well worth while, since they have aroused

lively interest and wholesome competition. At the same time, many members were drawn into active co-operation and their talents displayed, which otherwise would have remained undiscovered.

The Nafford Quartette visited us again on February 11th, and was most ably assisted by Mr. Leather, as 'cellist, in giving a programme which, from beginning to end, was most interesting and much appreciated by a large and attentive audience. We all hope it will not be long before they visit us again.

We hope to conclude the session with another meeting, but at present the prevailing epidemic is hindering our plans, and it may possibly prevent our carrying them out.

D. B.

Debating Society.

Only one meeting of the Debating Society has yet been held this term. On Tuesday, February 12th, J. Wells proposed that "Examinations are a curse." B. Wells seconded the proposition, and M. Thomas opposed. The motion was defeated by a majority of 17.

The committee would like to urge the junior members of the Society to take part in the debates. They are willing enough to talk in class; why cannot they say a few words at meetings of the Society? Attention must also be called to the fact that suggestions of subjects for debate will be welcomed. They should be handed in either to the secretary or to a member of the committee.

H. T. L. (HON. SEC.)

Postage Stamp Club.

The Stamp Club has had a successful session this term, and a good amount of exchange of duplicates has been effected. The weekly meetings have been well attended, and the membership now numbers about sixteen.

Mr. Druller has organised a novel competition, in which each member has to write a short essay on some particular stamp, describing it from the collector's point of view. The entries for this have turned out most encouraging, and it is hoped that other innovations of a somewhat similar kind will follow.

All persons who are interested in stamp collecting who are in IVB and upwards are cordially invited to attend the meetings, for we can assure them that they will enjoy the half-hour every Thursday as much as any other time in the week.

A. P. (HON. SEC.)

Football.

The School XI. has up to the present played four matches this term. A few changes of position have been tried, with the view of getting the greatest effect from the team, of which several of the members are rather small in size.

RESULTS:

- v. Bromsgrove S.S. (home), lost 1—2.
- v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won 9—1.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost 0—4.
- v. Redditch S.S. (home), lost 5—6.

The game with Redditch was a particularly exciting one, for after our opponents led at half-time by 6 goals to 1 we proceeded to score four more goals without response from them.

The following two sides games have been played:—

Brownies v. Tomtits, 2—1.

Jackals v. Tomtits, 2—2.

F. B. AND S. A. G.

Hockey.

This term the hockey teams have met with great success, for not one match has been lost.

RESULTS:

FIRST XI.

- v. Redditch S.S. (home), won 11—0.
- v. Badsey Ladies (away), won 2—0.
- v. Studley College (home), won 2—0.
- v. Old Scholars (home), won 5—0.

SECOND XI.

- v. Redditch S.S. 2nd XI. (home), won 2—0.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (away), won 3—0.
- v. Redditch S.S. 2nd XI. (away), won 3—1.

The following two sides games have been played:—

Brownies v. Jackals, 2—1.

Tomtits v. Brownies, 3—0.

W. M. S. AND J. W. W.

The Scouts.

During this term much of the Scouting time has been occupied with rehearsals for a forthcoming concert. But for the last few weeks second class test work was continued. Tests in Scouts' pace and signalling (Morse or semaphore) have been conducted. We lost a considerable number of Scouts at Christmas, and these have by no means been replaced by new recruits; hence our numbers are somewhat reduced.

H. T. L. (PATROL LEADER).

For the Juniors.

How the Macaw Got His Colours.

Once upon a time the Macaw was white, and the other little birds did not care for him. One day they said that the bird who could get the most colours in the least time would be called the King of Birds. The Macaw got up very early, at sunrise, and he flew up and up until he was hidden in the red and blue of the sky, which caught his feathers as he flew. To this day the Macaw has red and blue on his feathers, but he did not become the King of Birds.

D. MORGAN (AGE 9).

The Wicked Giant.

Once upon a time there lived a very wicked giant, and when he was hungry he would go about the little village eating the babies.

In one house there was a baby boy, called Aladdin, who was very strong and healthy. When he was twelve years old he wanted to kill the giant, and he made up his mind to try. Now, there was a certain stile which the giant had to cross on his way to the village. Aladdin put some long sharp knives close to the stile just where the giant would step, and he covered them over with hay. He went home feeling, very happy. Next day Aladdin went to see if he had killed the giant, and was pleased to find him lying dead beside the stile.

H. SPENCER (AGE 9).



